

## MINOR SEES EUROPE'S MAD GRIN WHEN A RESERVIST LEAPS INTO OCEAN FROM SHIP



He Would Answer: "I Am Strong." I Replied: "So Am I."

BY ROBERT MINOR

Famous Cartoonist and Correspondent in Europe for The Day Book  
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When I sailed from New York in late September I had a foolish notion that it took eight days to reach the war zone. That is what the steamship agent told me. But when New York faded away and the straight horizon of the sea surrounded us I discovered that the zone of war was wider than shown on the map, and

the minute a man steps onto a belligerent nation's ship he comes into this sphere of war. For the biggest part of the war—the real wild beast of war — travels far and needs no road.

His name is hate.

He travels in the mails and on the printing press and on men's tongues. He was on that ship. The first day out Hate stalked about the deck. He was in the conversations and he twisted men's tongues until they said things that those men would never say except under the rule of organ-